

---

This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

Google<sup>™</sup> books

<http://books.google.com>



Lenten  
Lays

Hæns  
of Praise



W. T. Sleeper



Y  
SL

97

Lenten Lays  
AND  
Hæans of Praise

BY  
REV. W. T. SLEEPER  
Worcester, Mass.

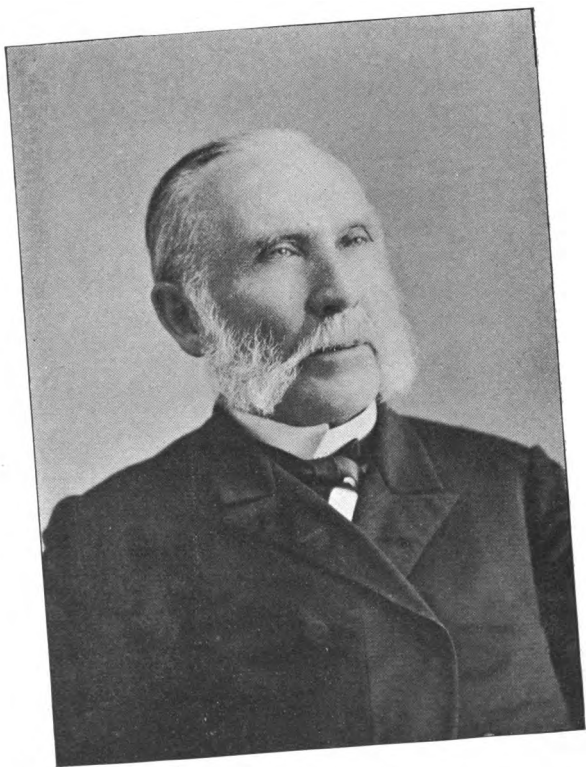
WORCESTER:  
F. S. BLANCHARD & CO., PUBLISHERS.  
1896.

RECEIVED  
MAY 1897  
WIS HISTOR SOCIETY.

TRANSFERRED TO  
U OF W LIBRARY

96.145  
• 12101977001  
JUN 1 1977





WM. T. SLEEPER.

## LENTEN LAYS.

### I. REJECTED.

He was despised and rejected of men. *Isa. liii: 3.*

On His head our sins were laid,  
By His stripes our peace was made ;  
Like a lamb to slaughter brought,  
Though oppressed, He murmured not ;  
For the world self-sacrificed,  
Yet rejected and despised.

### II. NO ROOM FOR HIM.

There was no room for them in the inn. *Luke ii: 7.*

In the inn no room for them,  
Thy chief guests, O Bethlehem ;  
Ruth thou gavest room to glean,  
David's flocks to graze the green ;  
But for Mary, blessed one,  
And for David's royal Son,  
Welcome thou dost not provide,  
Every room is occupied.



Nobles lounge 'neath lordly domes,  
Peasants plod to humble homes,  
Foxes in their burrows rest,  
Sparrows nestle in their nest ;  
But they give the heavenly Stranger  
For His bed a rugged manger.  
Home and cheer for one and all,  
For the Son of God, a stall.

### III. THE NAZARENE.

And was subject unto them. *Luke ii: 51.*

Here our Redeemer, undefiled,  
Plodded and played like common child.  
Though He was crowned with heavenly  
    sheen,  
He bore the name of Nazarene.  
He formed the virgin mother's soul,  
Yet humbly bowed to her control.

Although He shaped the forest tree,  
He wrought its wood in carpentry.

Though He created seed and soil,  
He won His bread by hardy toil.

All law in heaven and earth He made,  
Yet meekly human law obeyed.

Though the beloved Son of God  
With sinful men was His abode,  
He saw their vileness, shared their shame,  
Felt all their sorrow, bore their blame.

He gave the wise their dextrous skill,  
Ordained the honored seats they fill ;  
Yet, with the meekness of a child,  
With questioning their hours beguiled.

He gave the birds their pinions fleet,  
The winds their wings, and yet His feet  
Were wearied walking by the sea,  
And o'er the hills of Galilee.

The wounds of others quick to heal,  
Their griefs and sorrows quick to feel,  
And yet Himself He did not save  
From wounds and pains which others gave.

O, blest Redeemer, teach Thou me  
To suffer shame and wounds like Thee.

#### IV. THE LAST SUPPER.

This is my body which is given for you. *Luke xxii: 19.*

All now ready for the feast,  
Bread and wine and sacred beast ;  
Jesus and His friends repair  
To the Paschal supper, where  
Type and antitype complete  
In that upper chamber meet.

What is this? Before His face  
The disciples strive for place ;  
But their King, through love uncrowned,

With a servant's napkin bound,  
Stoops to wash their weary feet,  
Soiled and heated in the street.

Now the Paschal feast is done,  
And the feast of soul begun ;  
Ne'er before such sweetness flowed,  
Never words such peace bestowed,  
Never thoughts so deep found word,  
Never love so sacred stirred,  
Never mortal heard such prayer  
Of high priest as uttered there.

Mystery of mysteries !  
Now far down the centuries,  
Jesus with clear vision sees,  
And for all His church decrees :  
"Let the broken bread and wine  
Be a sacrament divine,  
Symbols of My flesh and blood  
Freely offered up to God ;

Pledge of fellowship and love,  
Bond of brotherhood to prove ;  
Feast forevermore to be  
A memorial of me."

#### V. REMEMBER ME.

This do in remembrance of me. *Luke xxii: 19.*

Remember Thee, dear Lord?

Can I forget Thy love

That brought Thee to the cross and grave  
From Thy bright home above?

Can I forget Thy hand

Laid gently on the head

Of babes? Thy gracious, "Let them come  
To me," so kindly said?

Forget Thy sweet compassion

On hungry thousands, fed

By Thy potential benediction  
Upon five loaves of bread?

Forget Thou saidst to her,  
Unused to love before,  
When all her sin and guilt were known,  
"Go thou and sin no more?"

Can I forget Thy grief  
In Pilate's judgment hall,  
When scourged and mocked and crowned  
with thorns  
At Peter's shameful fall?

Can I forget Thy wounds,  
And Thy heart-rending cry,  
"My God, why dost Thou hide from me?"  
"Lama sabachthani."

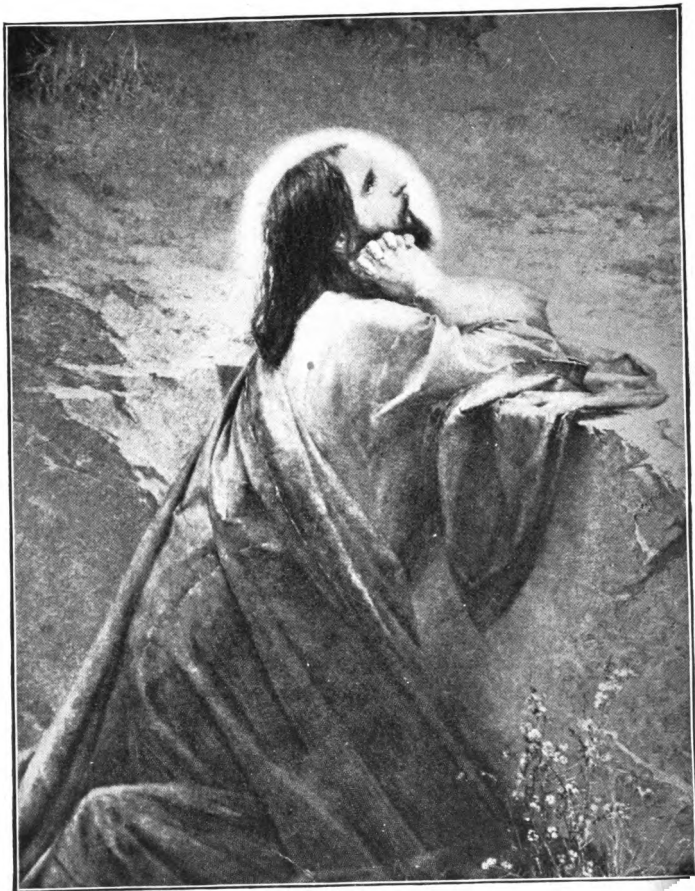
Yes, Lord, I may forget  
Thy thorns, Thy grief, Thy love ;  
But O, remember me, I pray,  
When on Thy throne above.

## VI. GETHSEMANE.

My soul is exceeding sorrowful. *Mark xiv: 34.*

From that sacred upper room  
Come they to the garden's gloom.  
Many griefs had Jesus known,  
Meekly bearing them alone ;  
Many conflicts had He met,  
But the greatest conflict yet  
Was to be endured in thee,  
O Gethsemane !

Crushed with sorrow strange and deep,  
His disciples fast asleep,  
Drowsy e'en the chosen three,  
Dead all human sympathy ;  
Kneeling, weeping there alone,  
See Him wrestle, hear Him groan,  
Witness thou His agony,  
O Gethsemane !



CHRIST IN GETHSEMANE.





His pale visage marred, is wet  
With great drops of bloody sweat ;  
“ Father, if Thy will it be  
That this cup pass not from me,  
Let Thy will, not Mine, be done,”  
Prayed the meek, obedient Son.  
Who may solve the mystery  
Of Gethsemane ?

Tell me, what malignant dart  
Had so pierced the Saviour's heart ?  
'Twas not fear that made Him cry,  
Nor the death He was to die ;  
For to bear the cross He came,  
With its cruelty and shame.  
Whence then could this anguish be  
In Gethsemane ?

Had the tempter, armed for fight,  
Come again in dreadful might ?

Was the weight of human guilt  
Crumbling this fair temple, built  
Of material too frail?  
Thus might man's redemption fail !  
O, the depths of woe in thee !  
Gethsemane, Gethsemane !

#### VII. JESUS ALONE.

I have trodden the wine press alone. *Isa. lxxiii. 3.*

He saw the world in ruin lie,  
And wondered that no help was nigh ;  
Then His own arm He gave,  
Alone the world to save.

Upheld by righteousness, at length,  
With all His majesty and strength,  
In blood-stained garb He goes  
Alone to crush man's foes.

On Him our griefs and sins were laid  
While in Gethsemane He prayed  
In awful anguish, prone  
Upon the ground alone.

His friends were scattered to their own,  
While He endured the scourge alone,  
And bore to Calvary  
The cross for you and me.

Alone the victory He won,  
And earth's redemptive work was done ;  
For sin and death are slain,  
And Jesus lives to reign.

Couldst not thou watch one hour? *Mark xiv: 37.*

O Saviour, can it be  
That I can sleep,  
While Thou in bitter agony  
Dost pray and weep?

Of all Thy friends this night,  
Is there no one  
To watch? though Satan in his might  
Would crush the Son?

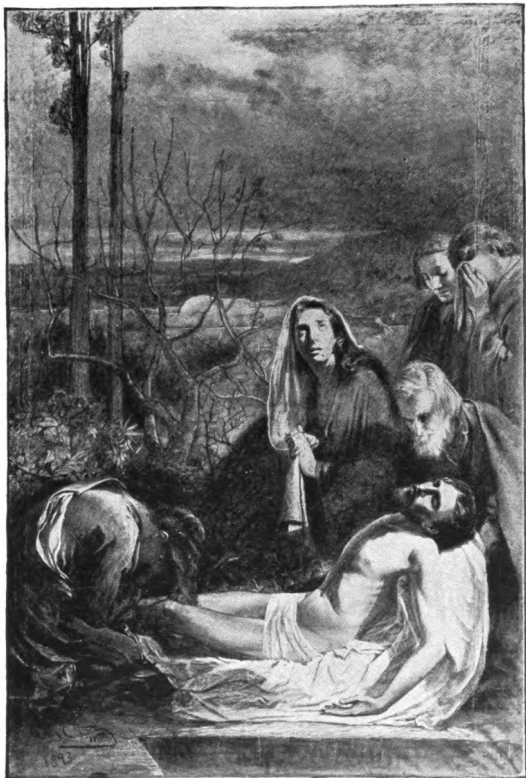
Thou callest me, one hour,  
To watch with Thee ;  
But slumber with Lethean power  
Is pressing me.

No, no, it must be so,  
That Thou alone  
For our unrighteousness and woe  
Must weep and groan.

#### VIII. THE CRUCIFIXION.

There they crucified Him. *Luke xxiii: 33.*

As it was in Bethlehem,  
In the inn no room for them,  
So forever has it been ;—



THE ENTOMBMENT.

Copyright 1896, Tiffany Glass and Decorating Co.



Room for suffering and sin,  
Room for passion, room for pride,  
Room for hatred, suicide,  
Room for selfishness and greed,  
Room for broken hearts to bleed.  
But for truth, and love, and grace,  
In the world was little place.

Room at last ye angels see ;  
Room is found on Calvary,  
Room for nail and room for spear,  
Room for heartless soldiers' jeer,  
Room for blood and room for wounds,  
Room for grief that has no bounds,  
Room for Jesus on the tree,  
Room to die in agony.

Let the sun refuse to shine  
On the Sufferer divine.  
Wrong has triumphed over right,  
Darkness over heaven's light.



Long and dark the night must be,  
Who beyond its gloom can see?  
Faith, the legacy of ages,  
Hope, inspirer of the sages,  
Star that led from Orient lands,  
Advent song of angel bands,  
Promises to prophets made,  
In the sepulchre are laid.

Grace is spurned and God blasphemed,  
All of which the prophets dreamed,  
Poets sang in verse profound,  
Men have trampled to the ground.  
Yet for them the day is fair,  
And they breathe the fragrant air;  
Draw their food from land and main  
Whose Creator they have slain.  
Beautiful the moon at night  
Pours for them its silver light;  
Freighted clouds on snowy wings  
Store for them refreshing springs.

O, the wondrous love of God,  
Like the ocean deep and broad ;  
Patient and forbearing still,  
Mercy holds His fateful will.  
His dread hand He lifteth not  
From His book their names to blot.  
Though His Son they've crucified,  
And His gifts of grace denied.

#### IX. NATURE'S REQUIEM.

He bowed His head and gave up the ghost. *John*  
*xix: 30.*

Ye hills and mountains, streams and sea,  
That in His strength rejoice,  
Behold your Maker's agony,  
And silenced be your voice.

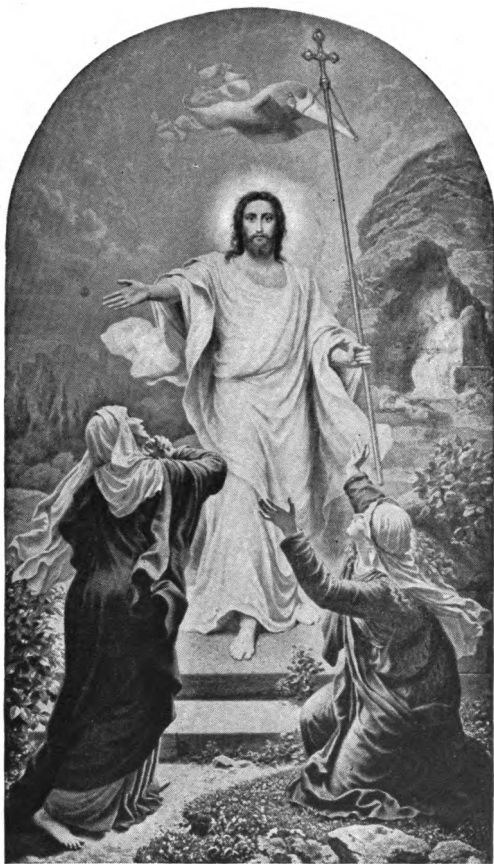
Ye perfumed plants and lilies fair,  
That breathe and blaze His name,  
Behold your Author dying there,  
And bow your heads for shame.

Ye birds that sing your Master's praise,  
And soar by His decree,  
Infold your wings and hush your lays,  
While grief like His ye see.

Ye freighted clouds, surcharged with rain,  
That His swift lightnings keep,  
Behold your Lord in woeful pain,  
And with bewailing weep.

Ye stars and planets of the sky,  
His sentinels by night,  
See your Creator bleed and die,  
And hide your glorious light.

All nature join the requiem  
For Christ, the crucified,  
For all but men acknowledge Him,  
And yet for men He died.



**THE RESURRECTION.**



## X. FOR ME.

Christ died for us. *Rom. v. 8.*

Man of sorrows, can it be  
That His sorrow was for me,  
And His agony?  
Yes, for me in love He came,  
Took upon Himself my blame,  
And endured the shame.

For my fault, He insult bore,  
Scoffing rude, and scourging sore,  
And a thorn-crown wore.  
Gave His feet and hands and side,  
Gave Himself—my guilt to hide,  
To be crucified.

# PÆANS OF PRAISE.

## I. THE RESURRECTION.

The Lord has risen indeed. *Luke xxiv: 34.*

Lo, the tomb of rock is ~~in~~making,  
Through its gloom a light is breaking ;  
Seal and stone and guard are vain,  
Sin and death at length are slain.

Faith is realized in sight,  
Hope in vision clear and bright ;  
For the star the sun appears,  
Songs of joy for mourner's tears.

Jesus lives, and hearts of sadness  
Now are bursting forth with gladness ;  
Jesus lives, and, wondrous grace,  
Meets His loved ones face to face ;

Joins them in their rural walk,  
Listens while of Him they talk,  
Opens to their minds the word,  
Shows Himself their risen Lord.

## II. WHITSUNDAY.

And they were filled with the Holy Ghost. *Acts ii: 4.*

Hasten, Pentecostal hour,  
Holy Ghost, display Thy power ;  
Mortals, speak with tongues of flame,  
Wrought be wonders in Christ's name.

Israel, for your hardness grieve,  
Thousands in a day believe ;  
Prisoners, break your chains and sing,  
Jesus reign, Thou glorious King.

Kings and princes, own your Lord,  
Gentiles, bow before His word ;  
Adam's guilty race, draw near,  
Come, and Love's evangel hear.



Darkness, flee before the light,  
Demons, speed your swiftest flight,  
Death, from thy dread throne be hurled,  
Church of Jesus, fill the world.

### III. SOUL ARISE.

If any man hear My voice and open the door, I will  
come in to him.

Soul, arise and give Christ room ;  
Not alone thy days of gloom,  
Not when sinks the setting sun,  
Not when all thy work is done.

Give thy brightest, noblest powers,  
Give thy purest, sweetest hours,  
Give thy will, thy mind, thy heart,  
Give to Jesus all thou art.

Then 'twill be His time to give  
More than mortals can conceive—



**THE ASCENSION.**

Copyright 1896, Tiffany Glass and Decorating Co.



Rooms within His mansions fair,  
Where all precious blessings are.

Room for Jesus, give Him room ;  
Open wide each heart and home.  
Let His banner be unfurled  
Through the kingdoms of the world.

#### IV. THE LOVE OF JESUS.

Having loved His own, He loved them unto the end.

*John xiii: 1.*

The love of Jesus, Oh, how free,  
A boundless sea,  
Embracing all, below, above,  
The sea of love.

It reaches far as sin is found,  
And wrongs abound ;  
And man is saved, without, within,  
From guilt and sin.

Oh, shoreless ocean, deep and broad,  
The love of God ;  
The ruined tribes of every race  
May trust Thy grace.

The world redeemed by Thee shall raise  
A song of praise,  
And join with all the hosts above  
To tell Thy love.

## V. GOD'S LOVE AND SUNSHINE.

For God, who commanded the light to shine out of  
darkness, hath shined in our hearts. *II Cor.*  
*iv : 6.*

O love of God unbounded,  
So deep, so high, so broad ;  
Vast worlds bask in the sunshine,  
All worlds in love of God.

Disease and death and darkness  
In sunshine flee away ;  
The gloom and curse of Sinai  
In God's love cannot stay.

The fragrance and the beauty  
Of flowers are sunshine gleams ;  
By God's love touched the sinner  
With fragrant beauty beams.

The dewdrops in the sunshine  
Are gems of sparkling light ;  
In love of God abiding  
All souls are jewels bright.

The song of birds is sunshine,  
From love the Christian sings ;  
The eagle's flight is sunshine,  
Love spreads the Christian's wings.

No need of earthly sunshine  
In heaven where God's the sun,  
For there His love is sunshine,  
And light and love are one.

#### VI. MISERY AND MERCY.

Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more.

*John viii: 2.*

A poor woman in disgrace,  
Forced before the Saviour's face,  
Cowers in silence, crushed with shame,  
Her fair features all aflame,—  
Misery and mercy rare  
Face to face,—behold them there :  
One all sullied with her sin,  
One all pure without, within.

Jesus sees her grief and fear,  
Knows her penitence sincere,  
Speaks in accents sweet and mild,—  
“ I do not condemn thee, child ;



ANGEL OF PRAISE.

Copyright 1896, Tiffany Glass and Decorating Co.





Go in peace and sin no more."  
Never word like this before  
Did so rich a fountain start  
In a sinner's broken heart.

"Go in peace and sin no more,"—  
Word, like Moses' rod of yore,  
Giving drink to Israel's flock,  
From the desert's smitten rock,  
When a barren, thirsty land  
Hedged them in, while burning sand  
Scorched their feet, and Moses cried,—  
"God for Israel provide."

"Go in peace and sin no more,"  
Many a fountain sealed before,  
By this word of matchless art,  
Flows from most unlikely heart ;  
Many a sweet and soulful song,  
Stifled by rebellion long,  
Heavenward floats, by angels heard,  
Waked by this inspiring word.

## VII. MY LITTLE BIRD.

No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous,  
but grievous; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth  
the peaceable fruit of righteousness. *Heb.*  
*xii: 11.*

My little bird while in the light  
Could never sing my song,  
Though tenderly I sang to him,  
And patiently and long.

Sometimes a strain or two he caught,  
Anon he lost the air,  
And mingled with it other strains  
He picked up here and there.

At last a curtain thick I laid  
Above my wayward bird,  
Then sang the song I chose for him,  
While in the dark he heard.

Shut in from luring sights and sounds,  
He learned to sing my song,  
And in the light he poured it forth  
In cadence sweet and strong.

---

There is a song the Lord would have  
His dear disciples learn,  
But when the world is bright to them,  
To worldly songs they turn.

And notes of revelrie and mirth  
They mingle with the strains  
The Master long was teaching them  
With love's unsparing pains.

Then clouds of sorrow o'er their homes  
He doth in mercy bring,  
And, shut in gloom, at length they learn  
The song He'd have them sing—

The sweetest song that mortals know,  
The song of "Trust and Love,"  
Which they may sing awhile below,  
And always sing above.

### VIII. THE CAPTIVE'S SONG.

At midnight Paul and Silas prayed, and sang praises  
unto God. *Acts xvi. 25.*

As once I chanced to pass along  
A crowded, noisome street,  
Above the murmur of the throng  
I heard the warbling of a song,  
Melodiously sweet.

Stopping, I peered around to see  
What sort of singer there,  
In such environments, could be  
So satisfied and full of glee,  
With song so rich and rare.



By permission of G. T. Angell.



It was a captive lark's sweet lay,  
That so arrested me.  
It hushed the children's noisy play,  
Drove toiling mother's care away—  
A soulful melody.

His wings could find no room to fly,  
His feet no open door,  
But he could see the glorious sky,  
With song could cheer the passers-by,  
And Nature's God adore.

Thus boundaries my freedom balk ;  
Shut in by prison bars,  
In narrow circle I must walk,  
And bonds my aspirations mock,  
Though thought transcends the stars.

Too blind to see are these poor eyes  
The thousand wonders near,



Too dull my senses are to prize  
The things I see, or guess what lies  
Beyond my little sphere.

Yet I can do some noble deed,  
Some burdened heart make lighter,  
With bread some fainting soul can feed,  
Homeward some little child can lead,  
And make some heart the brighter.

Though cumbered here with mortal clay,  
And caged on earthly sod,  
To heaven the spirit looks away  
While wistful waiting the delay,  
And sings the love of God.

#### IX. HIDDEN HELPERS.

My help cometh from the Lord. *Ps. cxxi: 2.*

Upon Life's chart is planned,—  
Traced by a hidden hand,—  
The pathway I should go ;

And He that planned will guide.  
Though perils thick betide,  
He will be near my side,  
Each danger-spot to show.

On evening's noiseless wing  
Some hand concealed doth bring  
The bread on which I feed.  
The robe I daily wear,  
Without my anxious care,  
A mystic loom somewhere,  
Hath woven for my need.

Fed from a secret bowl,  
A lamp burns in my soul  
That lights my way along.  
From singers none can see,  
When darkness covers me,  
There comes a melody  
Of an inspiring song.

So, with contented mind,  
My will to God's resigned,  
    I trust His constant grace  
To give me what is best  
Of want, or work, or rest ;  
And then among the blest,  
    Give me some humble place.

For all these blessings given,  
From earth, or highest heaven,  
    In thankfulness I'll raise  
To Him who made the world,  
And, to the planets hurled  
Through space, His light unfurled,  
    Pæans of joyful praise.

## **X. JESUS IN JERICHO.**

### **THE TEXT.**

A certain blind man sat by the wayside begging; and hearing the multitude pass by, he asked what it meant, and they told him that Jesus of Nazareth

passeth by. And he cried, saying, "Jesus,  
Thou Son of David, have mercy on me."  
*Luke xviii. 35-38.*

#### THE HYMN.

There was the tramp of many feet  
Passing a blind man's wayside seat  
At th' gate of Jericho.  
He heard them say, "The Lord is there,"  
Then lifting up his voice in prayer,  
Cried, "Lord, Thy mercy show,  
O Lord, Thy mercy show."  
O list, poor soul, no longer wait,  
For Jesus now is at thy gate ;  
He comes to take away thy sin ;  
Unbar the gate and let Him in.  
They tried to hush his noisy cry  
Because the Lord was passing by,  
But still he cried the more,  
Till Jesus spoke : "Bring him to Me ;"

“What wilt thou I should do to thee?”

He prayed: “My sight restore.”

“O Lord, my sight restore.”

O list, poor soul, the Lord is near,

And will thy cry for mercy hear.

He comes to take away thy sin ;

Unbar the gate and let Him in.

Then Jesus said : “Thy sight receive,

Because thou dost on Me believe.”

At once his sight was given.

The joyful news spread far and wide,

And all the people glorified

And praised the God of heaven,

And praised the God of heaven.

O list, poor soul, though sick and blind,

In Christ thou shalt a Saviour find ;

He comes to take away thy sin ;

Unbar the gate and let Him in.

### THE SERMON.

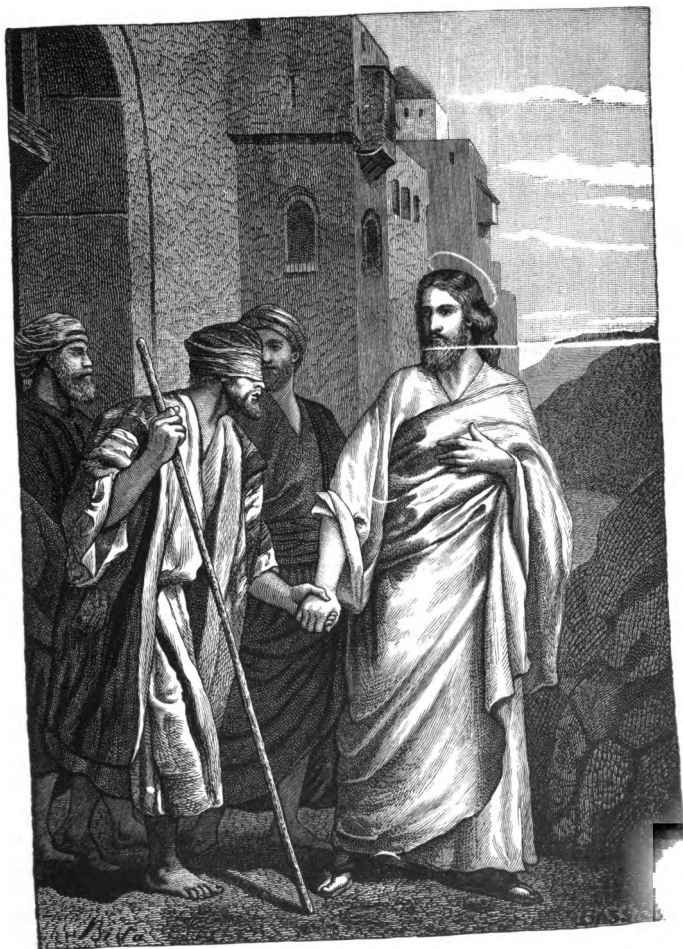
Ye poor and blind men near the gate  
Of Jericho, why sit and wait?  
For Christ to come ye've waited long,  
Yet do not heed the surging throng  
Of them who with the Master go  
Along the streets of Jericho.  
Behold Him now! He waits to show  
His grace to you of Jericho.

His sweet command—"Bring him to Me,"  
For all His church command must be.  
"What wilt thou I should do to thee?"  
Greets every suppliant lovingly.  
For Christ to come none need to wait,  
Since now He's standing at the gate  
Of Jericho, blest Jericho,  
Where Jesus waits His grace to show.

The Master's words—"Bring him to Me,"  
"What wilt thou I should do for thee?"  
"Thy sight receive,"—these sayings  
three—

Proclaim to all—"Salvation free."  
Oh, heed them ere it be too late,  
And Christ be passed your city gate,  
Leaving you blind in Jericho,  
Where Jesus waits His grace to show.

O, hasten ye, to Jesus go,  
Ere He departs from Jericho.  
With Bartemæus cry, and run,  
While near thee waits the gracious One.  
Arise, arise, He calleth thee  
To come to Him and saved be;  
Arise, and join the happy throng,  
And shout with them the Victor's song.



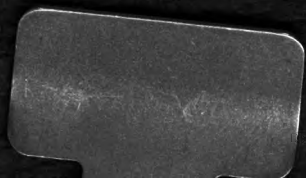
CHRIST HEALING THE BLIND.











89099789992



B89099789992A